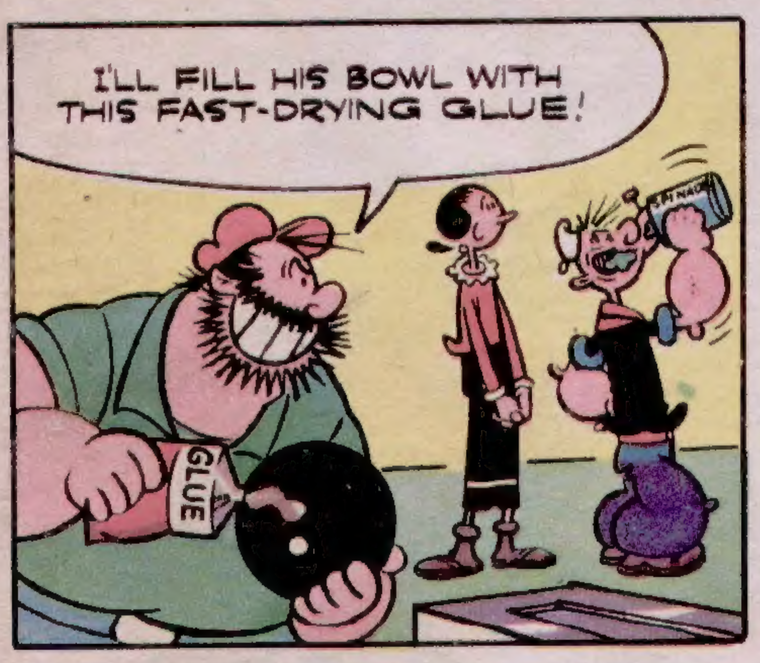
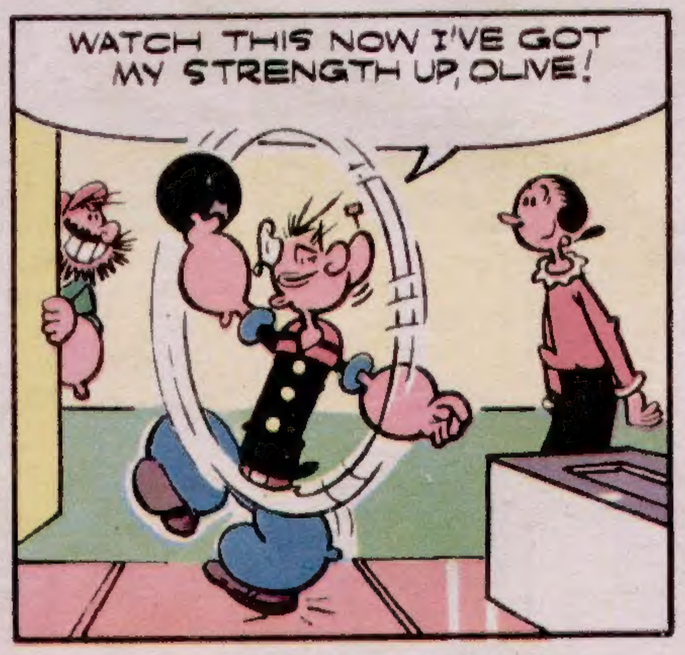
TV COMIC 6D

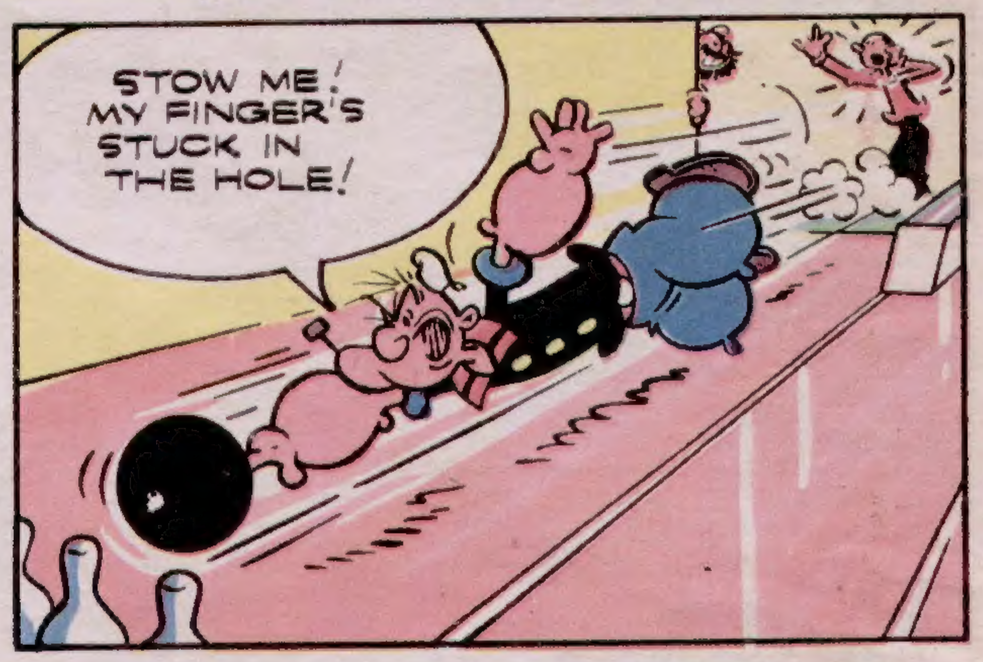
FOR THE BEST OF TV FUN AND THRILLS IN 1965

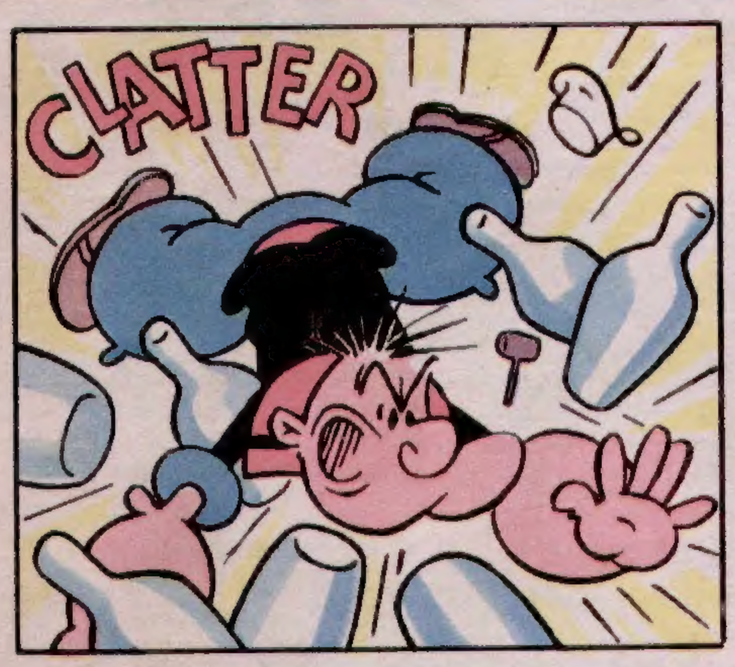
Every Monday | Week Ending 2nd January, 1965 | Number 681

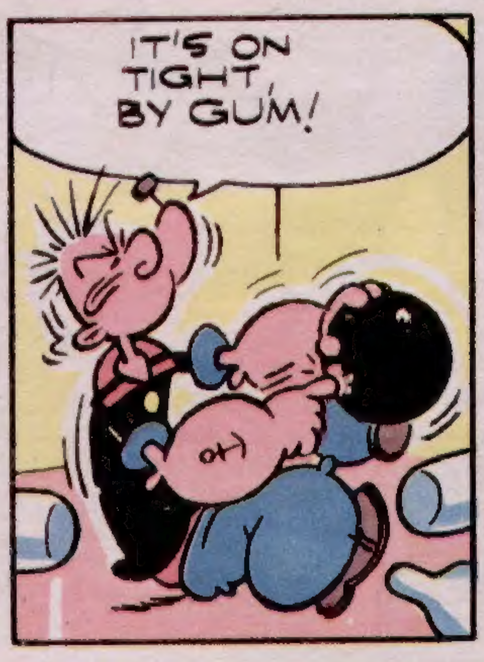
POPEYE

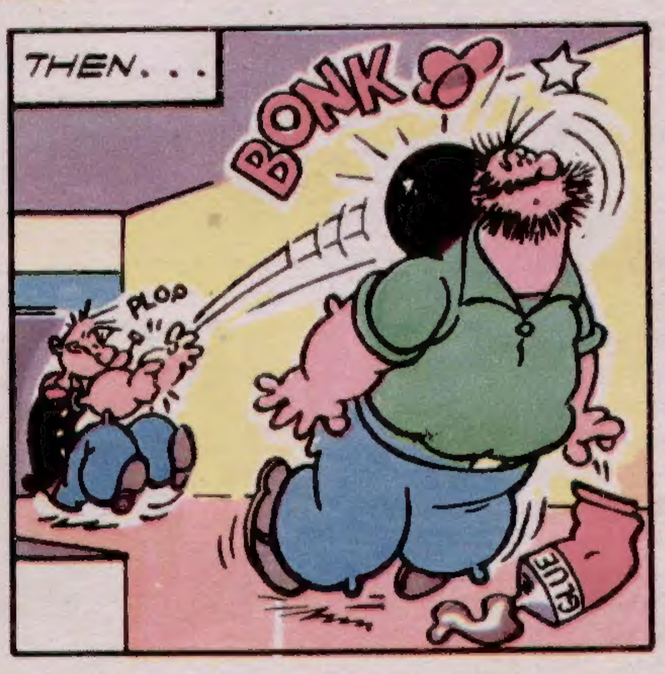


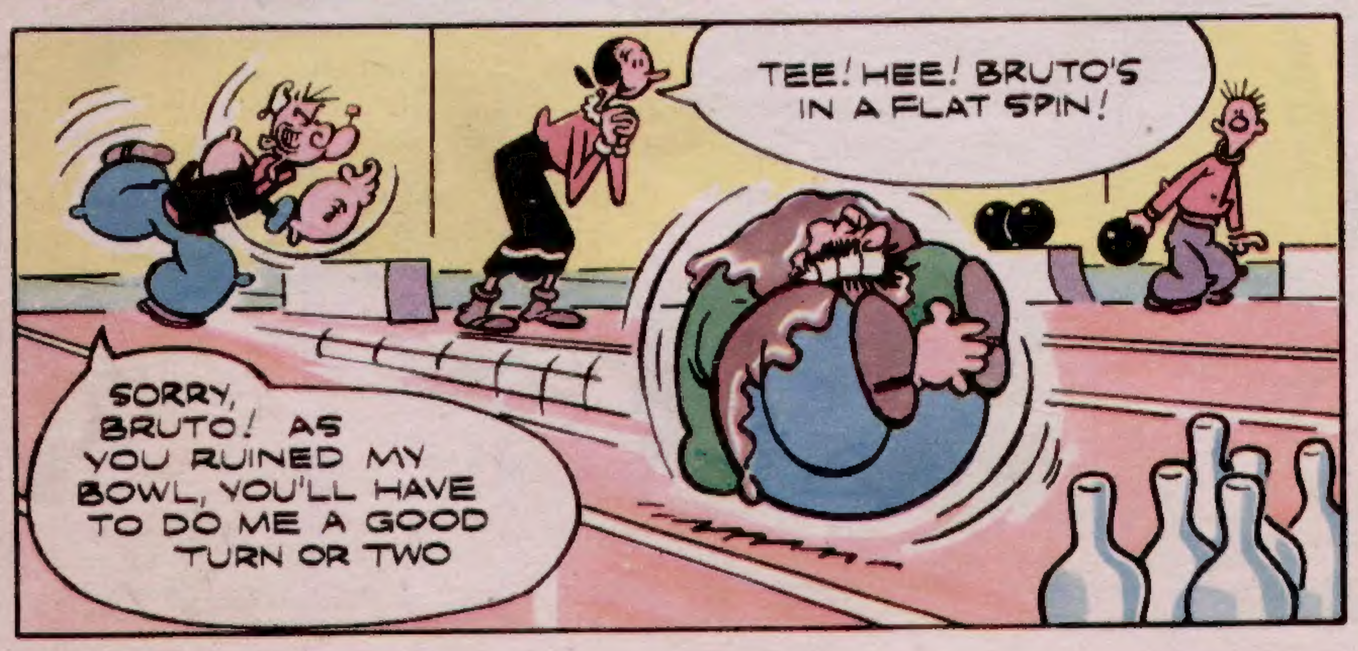


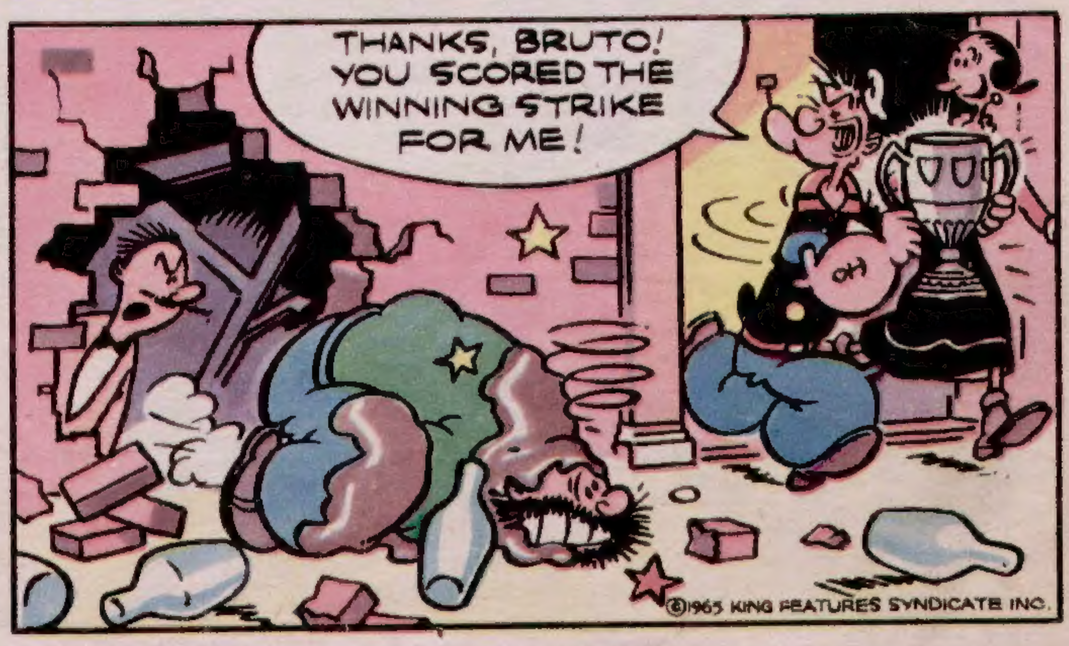












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DOCTOR WHO

Dr. Who, John and Gillian are in the 30th century, where the Kleptons are attempting to turn the Thains into slaves. The time travellers get into the Kleptons' underwater city and make contact with Thains who have been forced to work on the reactor which provides the Kleptons power . . .

FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR THE THAINS TOIL IN THE SLAVE CAMP ROUND THE REACTOR, THEN...
THE WORKDAY IS OVER, THAINS! RETURN TO YOUR SLEEPING QUARTERS IMMEDIATELY! ONLY THREE GUARDS WILL STAY IN THE COMPOUND — THE REST WILL JOIN THE SEARCH FOR THE ESCAPED PRISONERS!

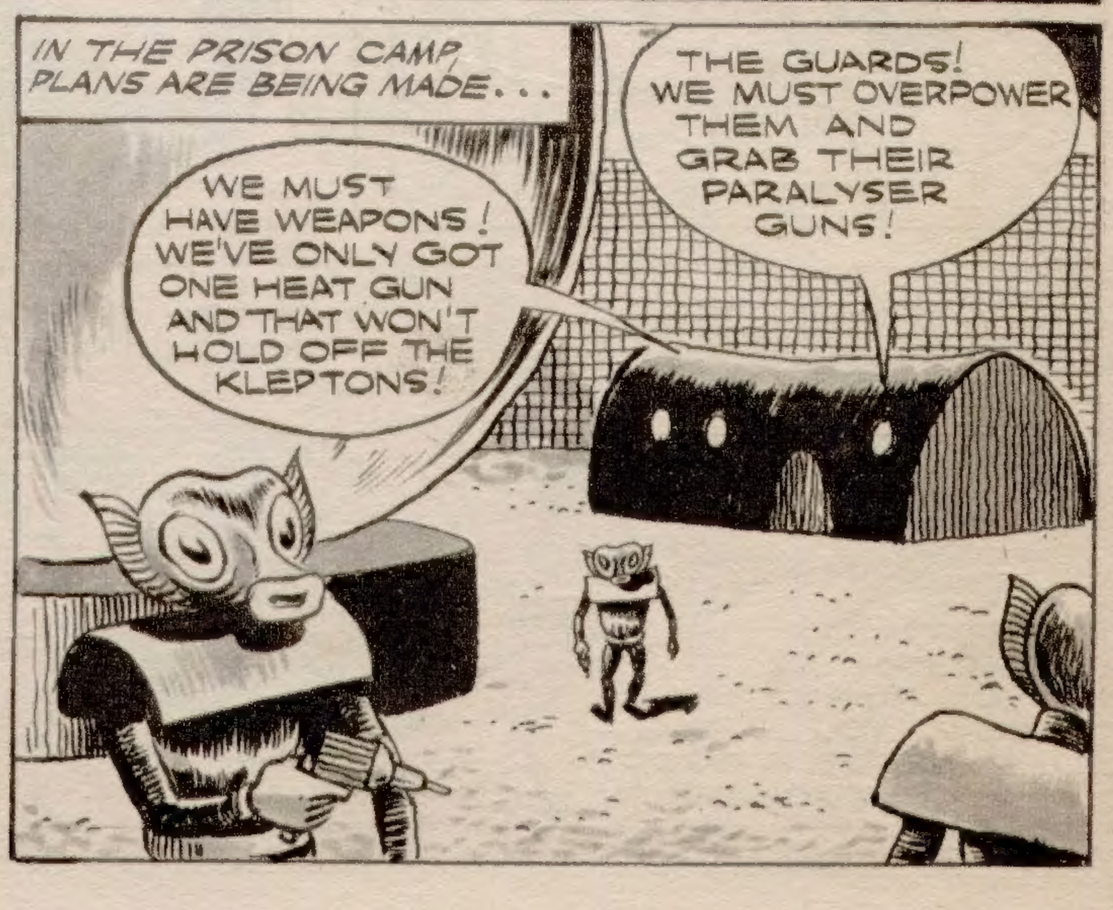
UNKNOWN TO THE KLEPTONS, THE TIME TRAVELLERS ARE HIDING IN THE PRISON CAMP...
MY PEOPLE CAN NOW REST FOR A FEW HOURS! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO SPEAK TO THEM, DOCTOR!
GOOD! GOOD! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST PLAN A MASS ESCAPE STRAIGHT AWAY!

MY FRIENDS — THE KLEPTONS ARE MAKING AN ALL-OUT DRIVE TO SMASH YOUR CITY AND ENSLAVE YOUR PEOPLE! WE MUST BREAK OUT OF THIS CAMP AND DEFEAT THEM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
WELL SPOKEN, DOCTOR! WE ARE WITH YOU!

ESCAPING IS NOT ENOUGH! WE MUST DESTROY THE REACTOR WHICH GIVES THE KLEPTONS POWER TO RUN THIS CITY AND FLY THEIR MACHINES!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT FIRST WE MUST SEARCH THE CITY AND FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THESE KLEPTONS!

MEANWHILE...
THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE ESCAPED PRISONERS, KLEPTON ONE!
DOLTS! USELESS IMBECILES! KEEP UP THE SEARCH — THEY MUST STILL BE IN THE CITY!

BLAZING WITH ANGER, THE POWER-MAD KLEPTON LEADER STORMS INTO HIS OPERATIONS ROOM...
SWITCH ON THE SCANNERS! SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF THE CITY! THE PRISONERS MUST BE CAUGHT! THEY COULD RUIN ALL MY PLANS!


IN THE PRISON CAMP, PLANS ARE BEING MADE...
WE MUST HAVE WEAPONS! WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE HEAT GUN AND THAT WON'T HOLD OFF THE KLEPTONS!
THE GUARDS! WE MUST OVERPOWER THEM AND GRAB THEIR PARALYSER GUNS!

© 1965 BBC tv

I'LL TAKE THE MONSTER IN THE MIDDLE — YOU GO FOR THE ONES PATROLLING THE WIRE!

MAKE SURE YOUR AIM IS TRUE, TIME TRAVELLER!

NEXT MOMENT...

THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!

AAAAGH!

MINUTES LATER A SMALL GROUP SLIPS OUT OF THE CAMP...

WE'RE ARMED AND READY FOR ACTION! LET'S TURN THIS PLACE UPSIDE DOWN — FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THE KLEPTONS TICK!

LET'S BE QUICK ABOUT IT! THE KLEPTONS WILL BE HOT ON OUR TRAIL SOON!

DOWN A LONG PASSAGE, THEN...

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

WHAT CAN IT BE?

NEVILLE MAIN

NOT FAR AWAY...

THE GUARDS IN THE COMPOUND HAVE BEEN OVERCOME! AND LOOK — FOUR PRISONERS HAVE MADE THEIR WAY TO DOME TWO!

NOW WE HAVE THEM! GET THEM — DEAD OR ALIVE!

GOOD GRIEF — THE KLEPTONS ARE PRODUCING THESE GIANT CREEPERS THAT SMASH THEIR WAY UP TO THE THAINS' CITY AND WRECK THEIR BUILDINGS!

LOOK OUT! HERE COME THE KLEPTONS — THEY'VE FOUND US!

TAKE COVER AND OPEN FIRE! FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES!

Foo Foo and GOGO

by Halas & Batchelor

...SO ENDS ANOTHER INTERESTING ARCHAEOLOGICAL PROGRAMME...

I'VE DECIDED TO BE AN ARCHAEOLOGIST —YOU KNOW, SOMEONE WHO DIGS UP RELICS OF THE PAST!

NEXT DAY...

I MUST GET SOME PRACTICE—I THINK I'LL MAKE A START IN THE GARDEN...

KUH?

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE UP TO? *GRR!!* YOU'VE RUINED MY CABBAGE PATCH!

BUT YOU NEVER KNOW, WE MIGHT DISCOVER SOME VALUABLE TREASURE UNDER IT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO—I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!

2 HOURS LATER...

PHEW! I'VE HAD ENOUGH, THERE'S NO TREASURE DOWN THERE *(PUFF!)*

SWISH! SWISH!

I MUST HAVE A GOOD SLEEP AFTER THAT...*(SNORE)*...

SOON...

HEY, LOOK HERE! I'VE FOUND THE DOOR OF AN ANCIENT TOMB!

LOOK! IT EVEN HAS AN ANCIENT-TYPE DOOR-KNOCKER ON IT!

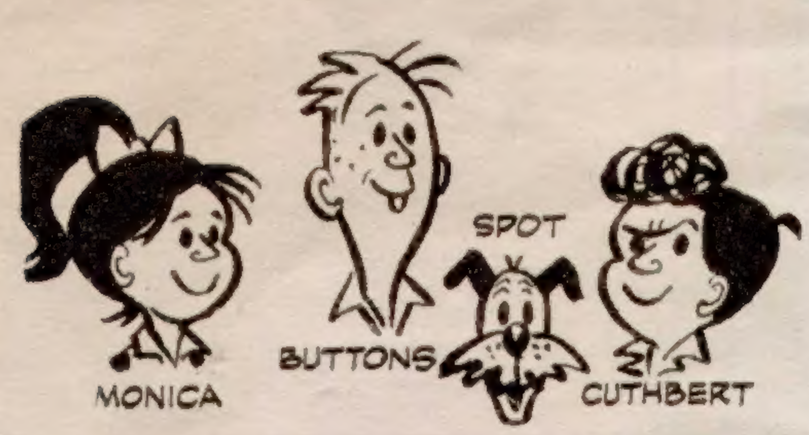
S'FUNNY! THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME... WAIT A MINUTE—

—IT'S OFF OUR HOUSE, YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE DUG UNDERNEATH AND NOW IT'S SUNK! AAGH!!

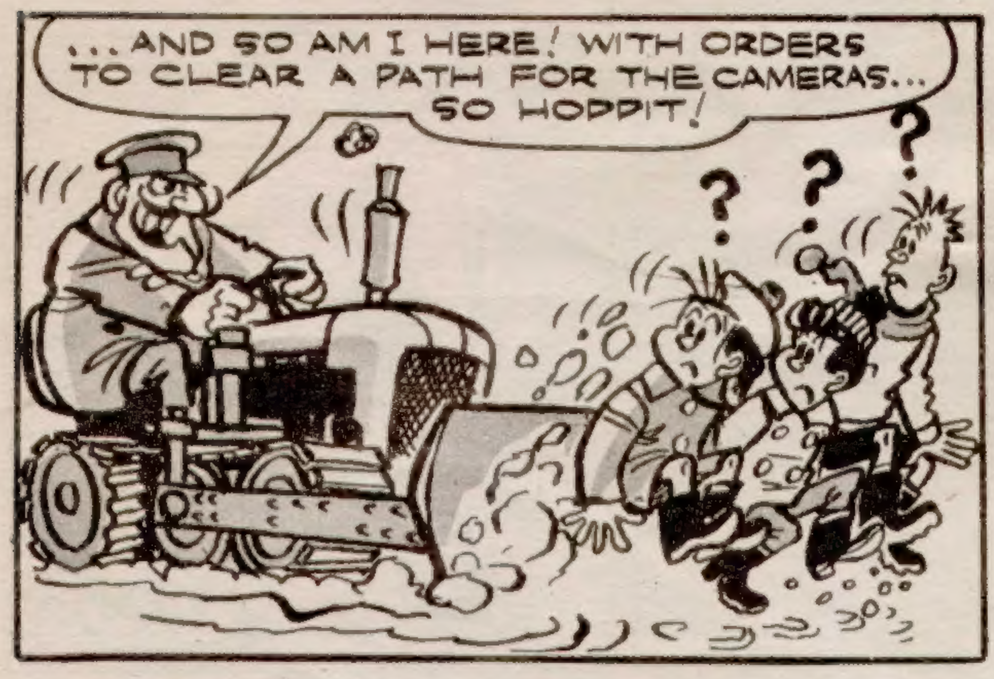
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

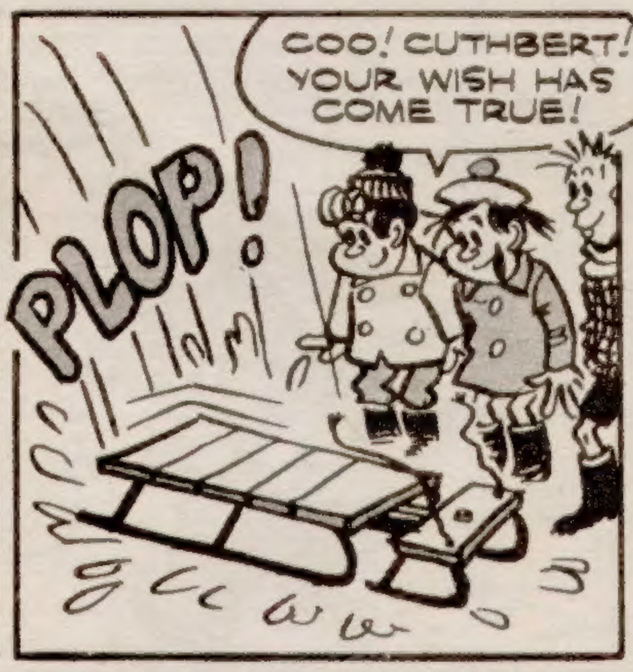
Next week, Gogo is out for a "Duck"

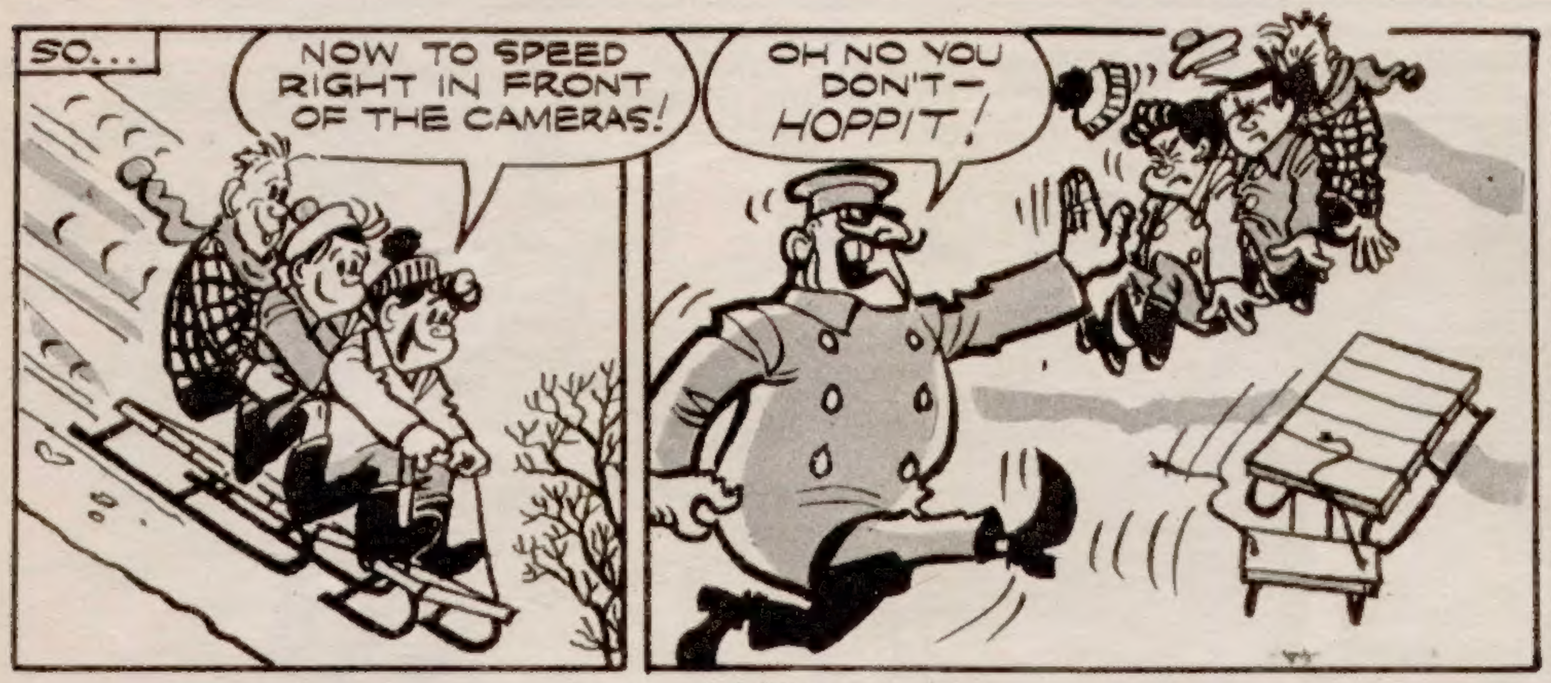
TV TERRORS

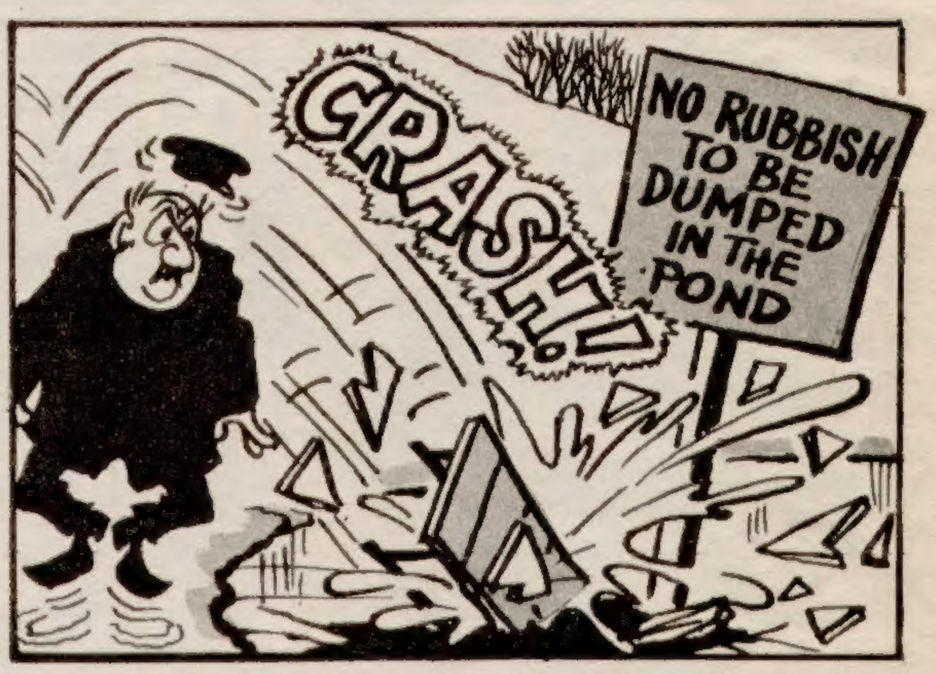


HA!HA! WE WON'T BE PESTERED BY OLD HOPPIT TODAY! WE'RE OFF TO THE HEATH FOR SOME FUN IN THE SNOW!
OH, BOY! THE OUTSIDE BROADCAST CREW IS HERE! WE MIGHT GET ON TV



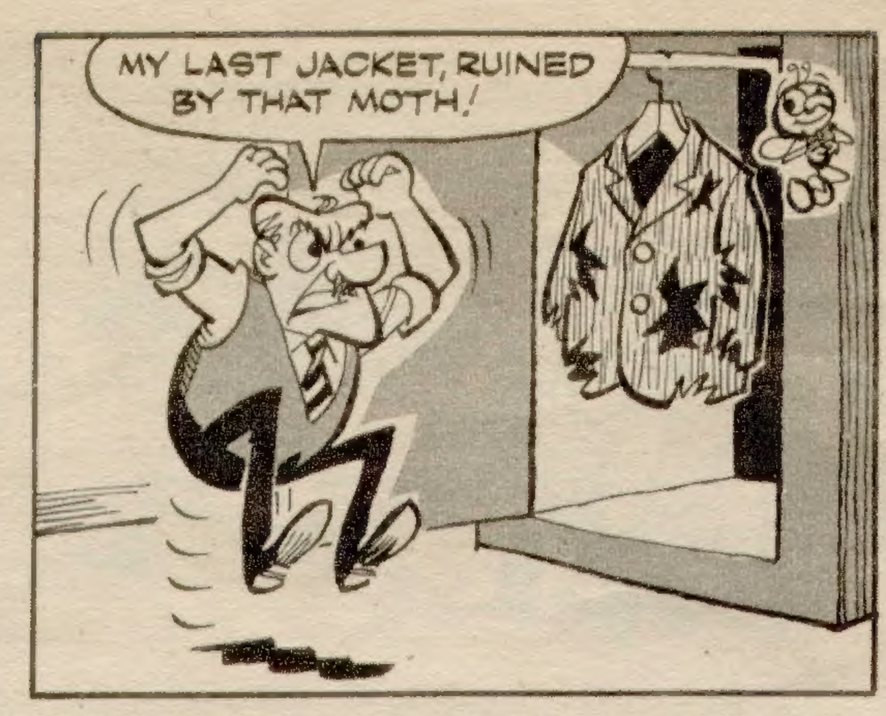


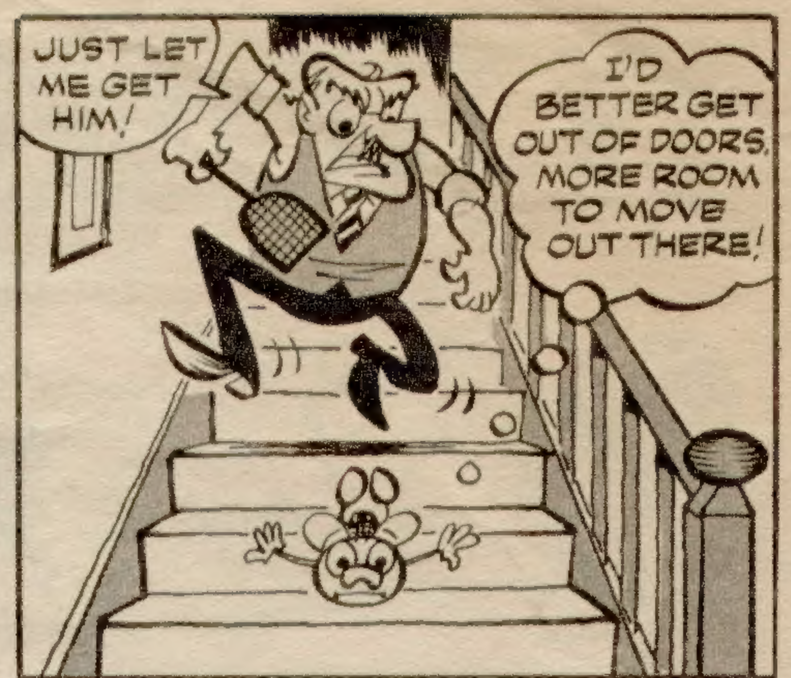


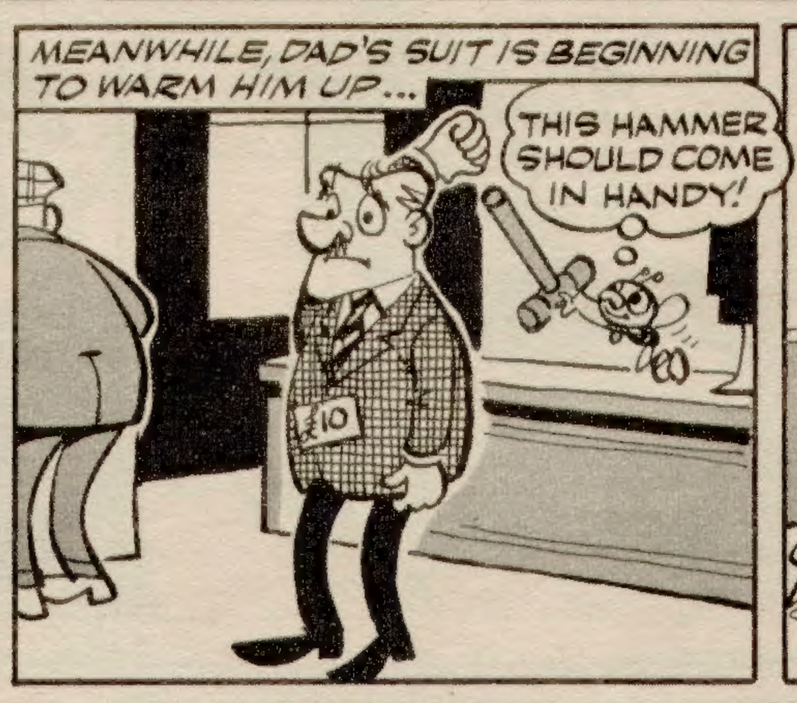


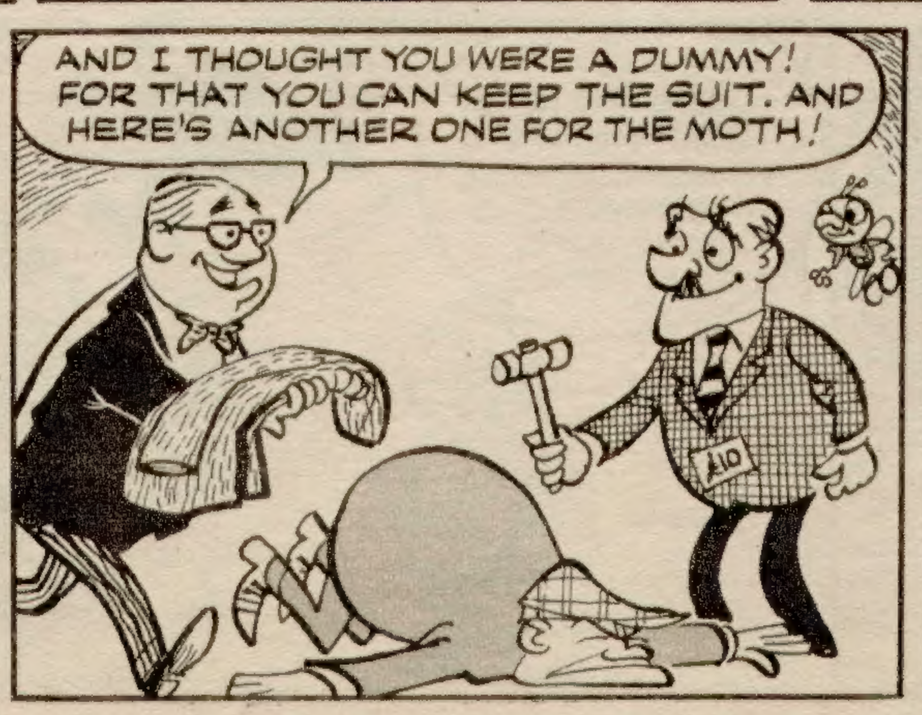
The TV terrors are at it again next week

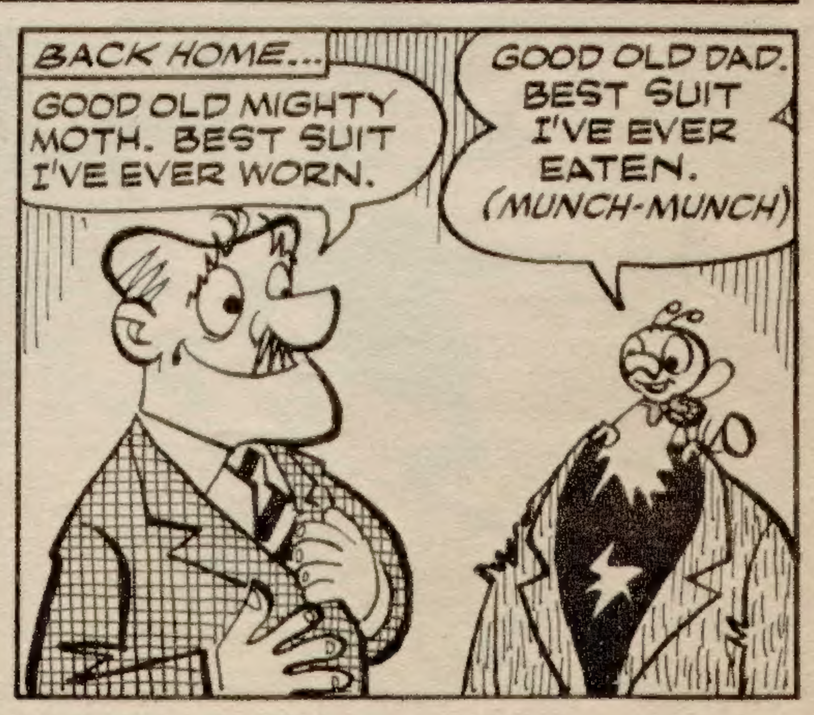
MIGHTY MOTH





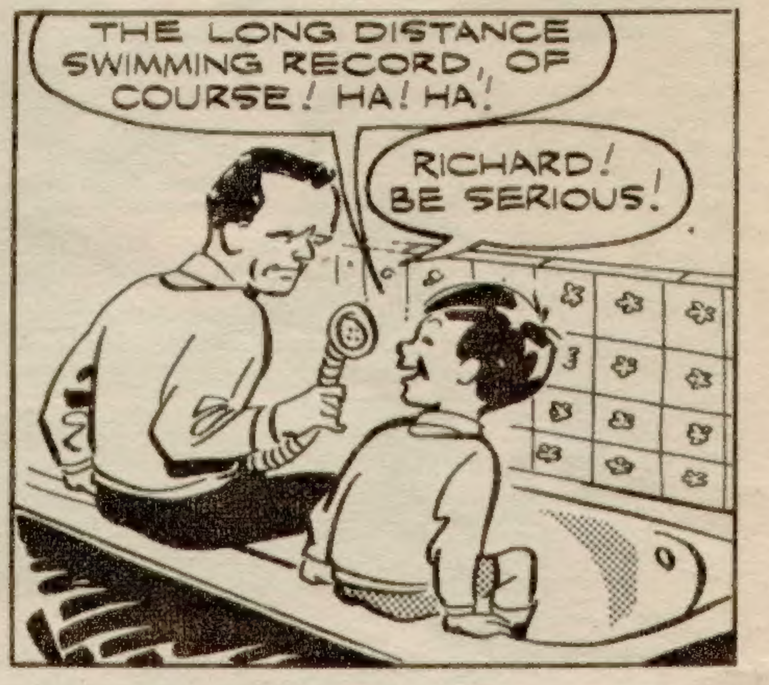




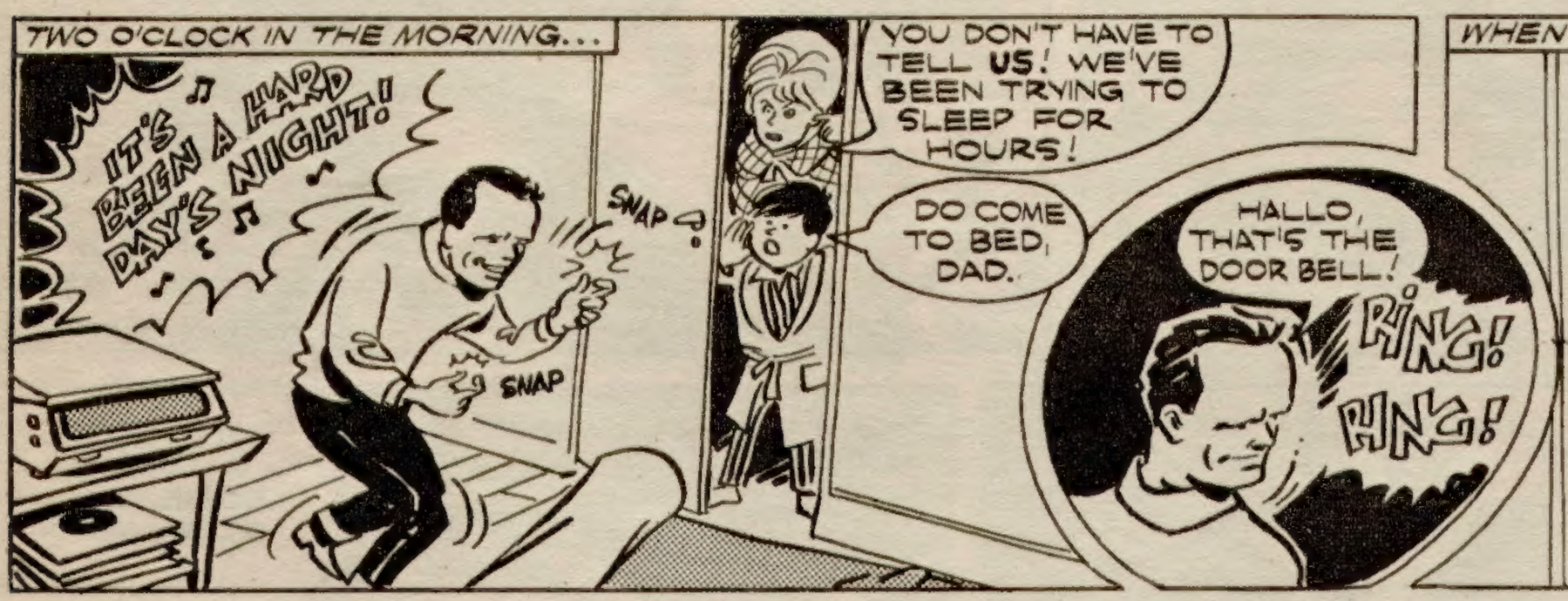


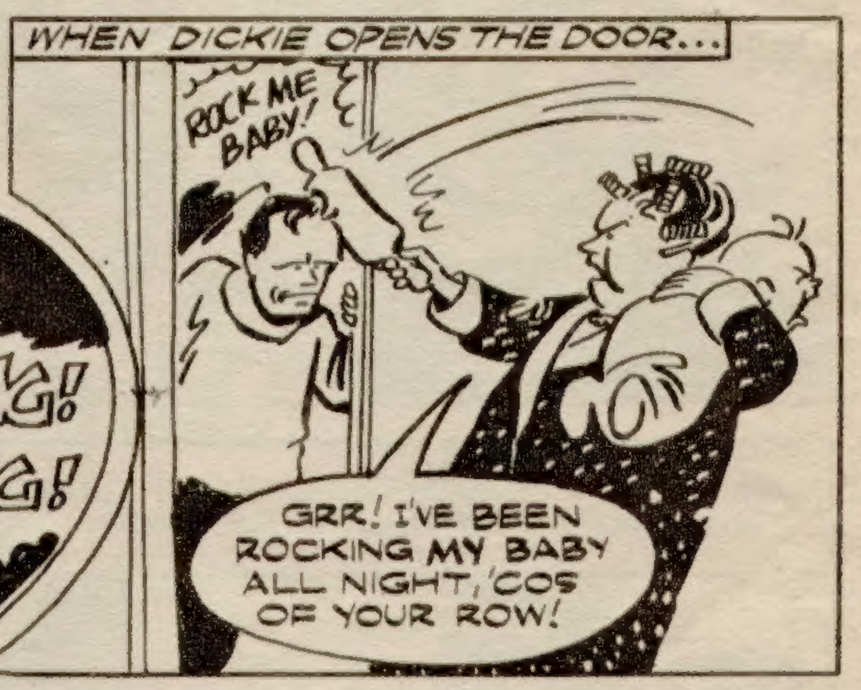
Next week, Dad's a sight for sore eyes

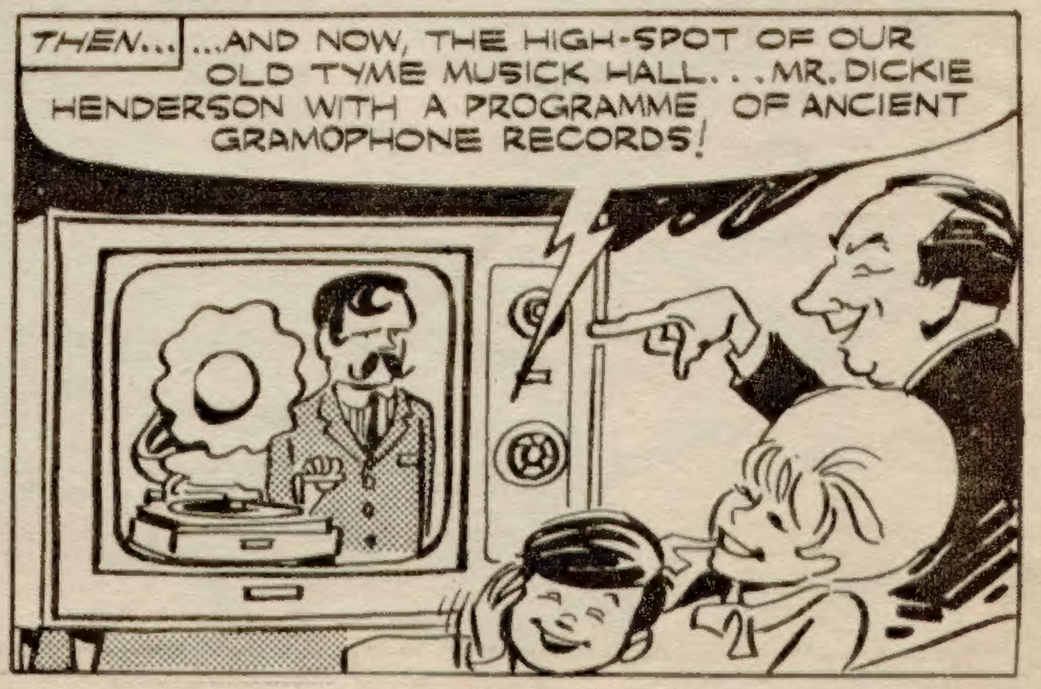
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY



SORRY, DAD, BUT YOU'RE REAL 'GROTTY'! YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO NATTER ABOUT THIS KIND OF PLATTER!
THE HAIRES
HUH? I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, RICHARD!


TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING...
IT'S BEEN A HARD DAY'S NIGHT!
SNAP
SNAP
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL US! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO SLEEP FOR HOURS!
DO COME TO BED, DAD.
HALLO, THAT'S THE DOOR BELL!
RING! RING!




THEN...
...AND NOW, THE HIGH-SPOT OF OUR OLD TYME MUSICK HALL... MR. DICKIE HENDERSON WITH A PROGRAMME OF ANCIENT GRAMOPHONE RECORDS!

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

More family fun next week

SOME missing Scientists are being held prisoner on the planet Humida. Searching for them, Captain Dart and his crew are captured by some strange Bat-like creatures. Then they are amazed to see on their screen the face of a man who was thought to have died seventy years before . . .

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LEAVE YOUR SHIP, CAPTAIN DART—MY SERVANTS ARE BRINGING YOU TO MY CONTROL CENTRE!

THE AIR LOCK IS OPENING, SIR...AND THOSE CREATURES ARE MOVING US OUT!

THE VOICE OF MAGNUM STILL BOOMS OUT AS THE GALASPHERE MOVES THROUGH A LONG, DARK PASSAGEWAY..

SEVENTY YEARS AGO, I LEFT EARTH AN ANGRY MAN! THEY HAD REFUSED TO GIVE ME THE POWER I DESERVED, SO I LEFT TO FIND A WORLD THAT WOULD RESPECT MY TALENTS!...

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

...WHEN MY SHIP CRASHED ON THIS PLANET, MY LIFE WAS SAVED BY THE STRANGE CREATURES THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE. NOW THEY ARE MY LOYAL SERVANTS.

THE ATMOSPHERE ON THIS PLANET IS NOT POISONED AS WE ONCE THOUGHT, PROFESSOR. IN SOME MYSTERIOUS WAY IT KEEPS WE HUMAN BEINGS ALIVE FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.

AND JUST AS OXYGEN IS THE FUEL FOR THE HU BODY, THIS ATMOSPH IS THE SECRET THE AMAZING SP AND STRENGTH THESE CREATUR

SO FOR YEARS YOU HAVE STOLEN SHIPS AND EQUIPMENT AND TRAINED THOSE CREATURES TO HELP YOU! NOW YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR REVENGE AGAINST EARTH, EH, MAGNUM?

YES. EVEN THESE CREATURES COULD NOT ENDURE THE LONG SPACE TRIP TO EARTH WITHOUT THE HELP OF THE FREEZER UNITS. SO I NEEDED SHIPS, AND THE SCIENTISTS TO HELP IN THE FINAL PLANS FOR TAKE-OFF! THEY HAVE BEEN DRUGGED SO THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, CAPTAIN DART!

GALASPHERE IS RETURNED SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY TO THE HUGE WORKSHOP..

SURE, AND THE MAN'S AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE...STRONG THEY MAY BE, BUT THE WORLD DEFENCE SQUADS WOULD BLAST 'EM TO PIECES...!

BUT NOT BEFORE THEY'D DONE A LOT OF DAMAGE! SOME-HOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OURSELVES OUT OF THIS SPOT AND STOP HIS MAD PLANS!

HOW ABOUT THE PLASTAFOAM GUNS, SIR? DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD STOP THE BATS?

IT MIGHT HOLD THEM UP LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO TRY AN EMERGENCY TAKE-OFF, LARRY!

OKAY, WHEN THE SCIENTISTS LEAVE THE WORKSHOP FOR THE NIGHT WE'LL LEAVE WITH THEM!

AS THE SCIENTISTS FORM UP LIKE A LINE OF ROBOTS, CAPTAIN DART AND HIS MEN ARE READY...

GET READ THE DOO OPENING

BEFORE THE LEADING SCIENTIST CAN MOVE, DART LEAPS AHEAD OF THEM...

THE PLASTAFOAM GUNS TURN THE BATS INTO A HEAVING MASS...

IT'S NOT WORKING! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG...

GOOD GRIEF, LARRY! IT'S TURNED TO STEAM AND WATER....!

AS THEY STAND THERE IN STUNNED SILENCE A LUMINOUS PANEL GLOWS INTO LIFE ON THE WALL...

I ALLOWED YOU TO PASS THROUGH THE DOORWAY, M FRIENDS, SO THAT YOU COU SEE HOW POWERLESS YOUR PUNY EARTH WEAPONS WE MY PLANS FOR EARTH ARE ALMOST READY, AND NO ONE CAN STOP ME!

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

The thrills are thick and fast in next week's Space

ng Scientists are
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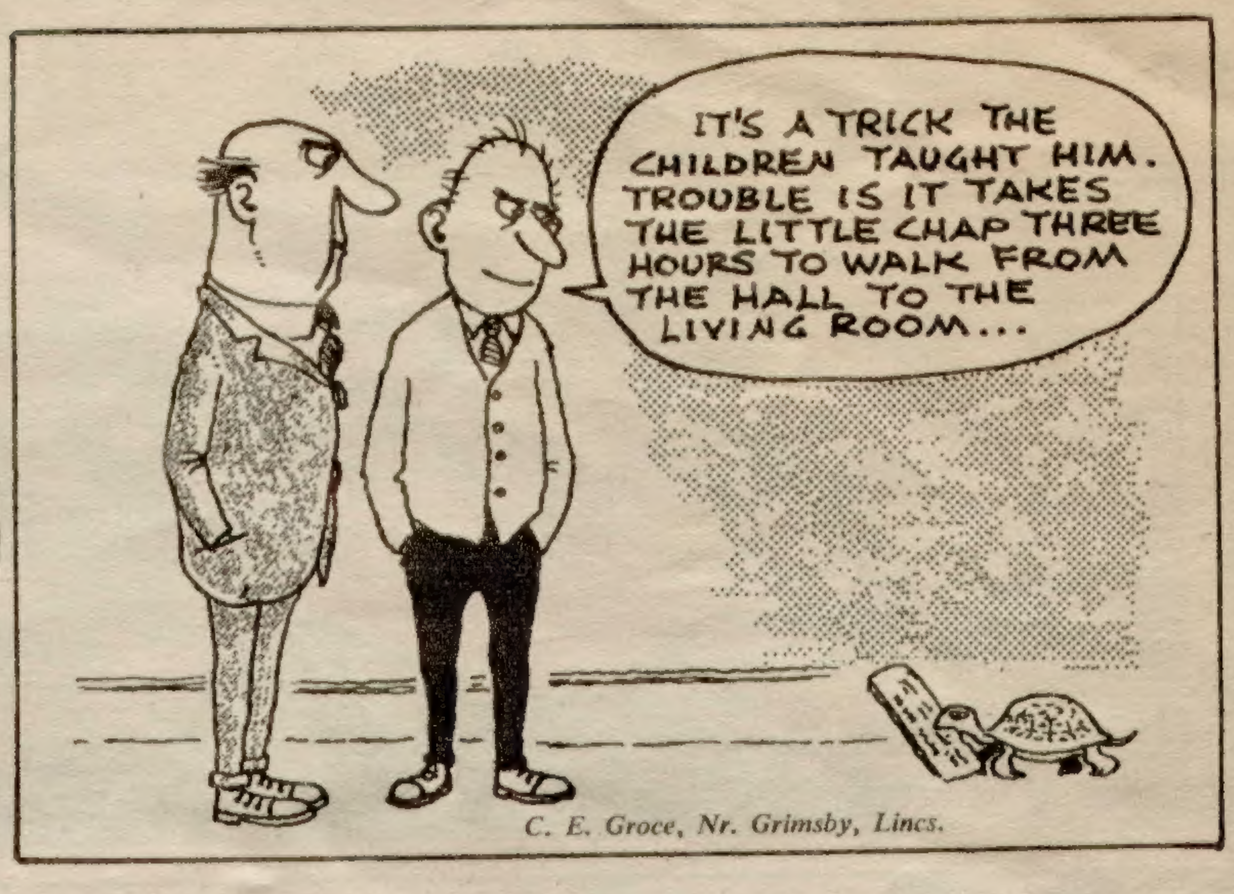
MEVIN

The thrills are thick and fast in next week's Space Patrol

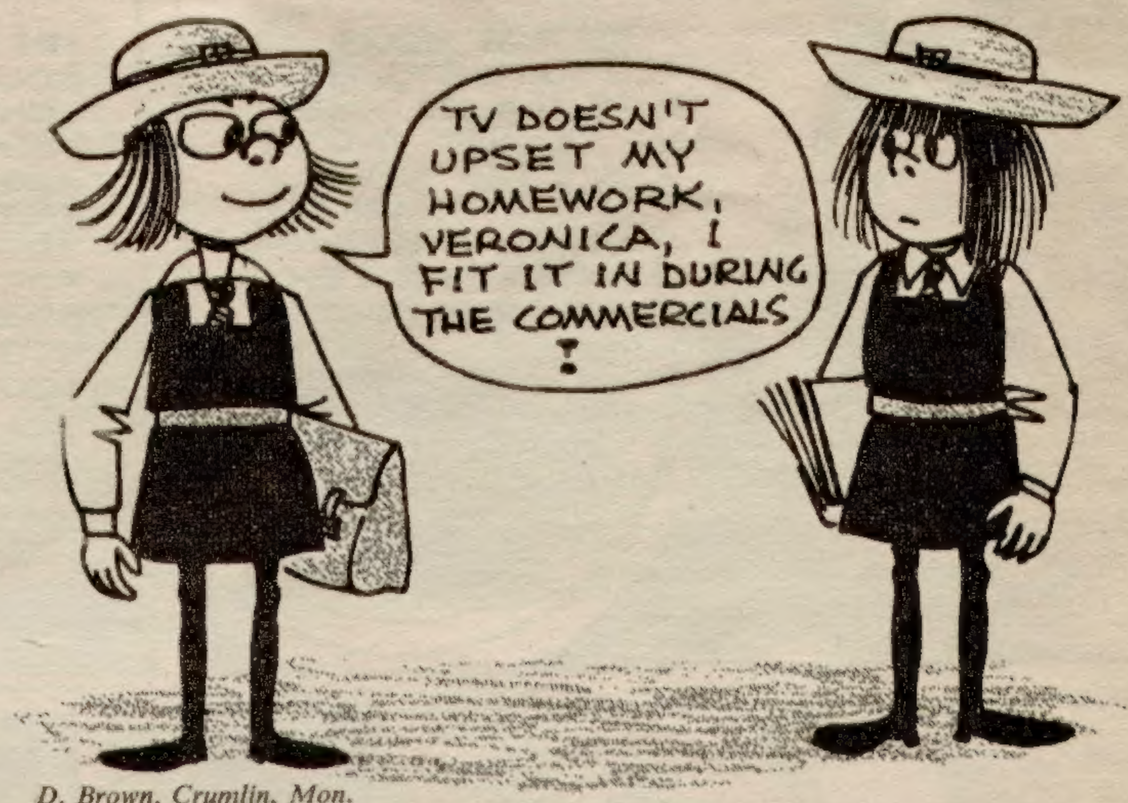
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

R. Manchester, Meltham, Nr. Hudds.

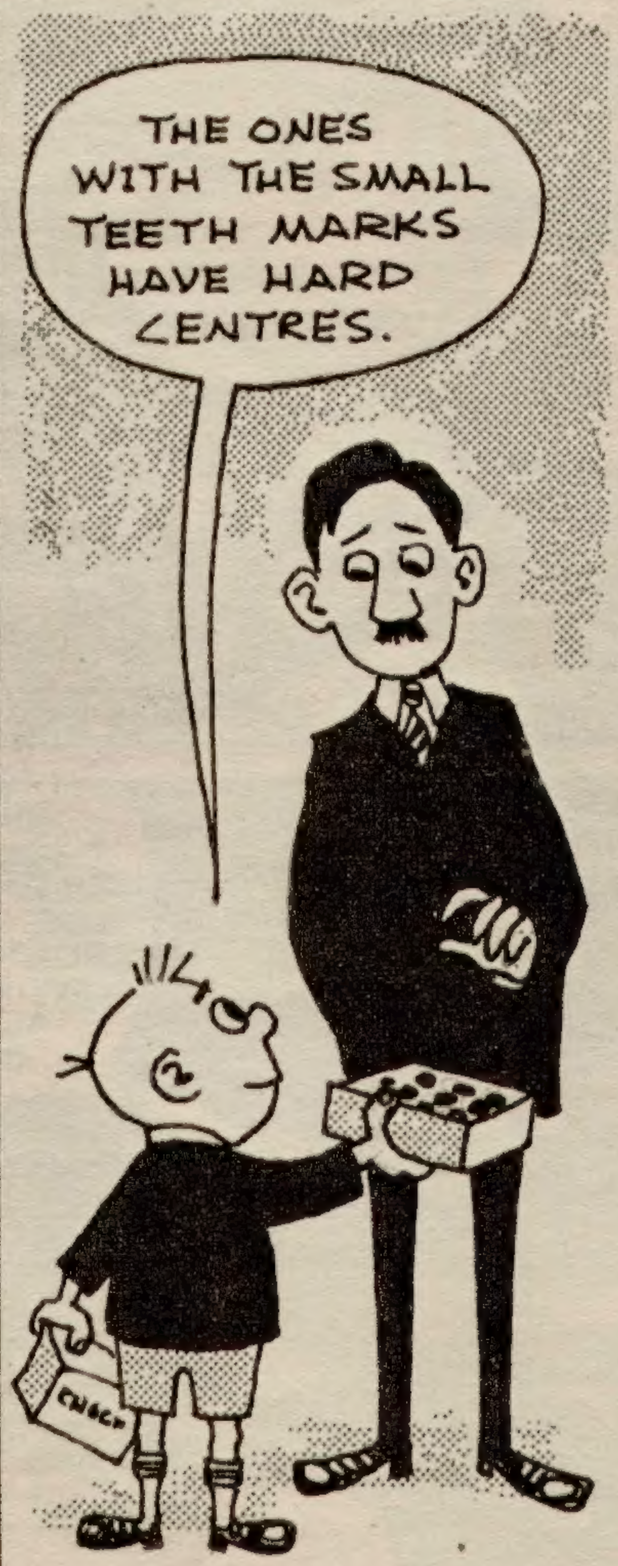

IT'S A TRICK THE CHILDREN TAUGHT HIM. TROUBLE IS IT TAKES THE LITTLE CHAP THREE HOURS TO WALK FROM THE HALL TO THE LIVING ROOM...

C. E. Groce, Nr. Grimsby, Lincs.



D. Brown, Crumlin, Mon.

E. Finney, Congleton, Cheshire.

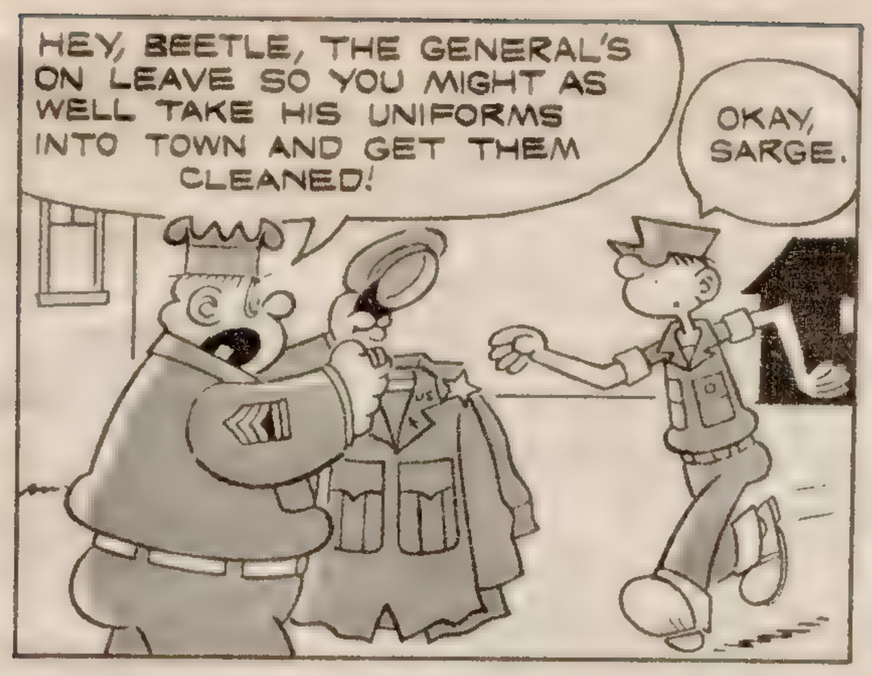


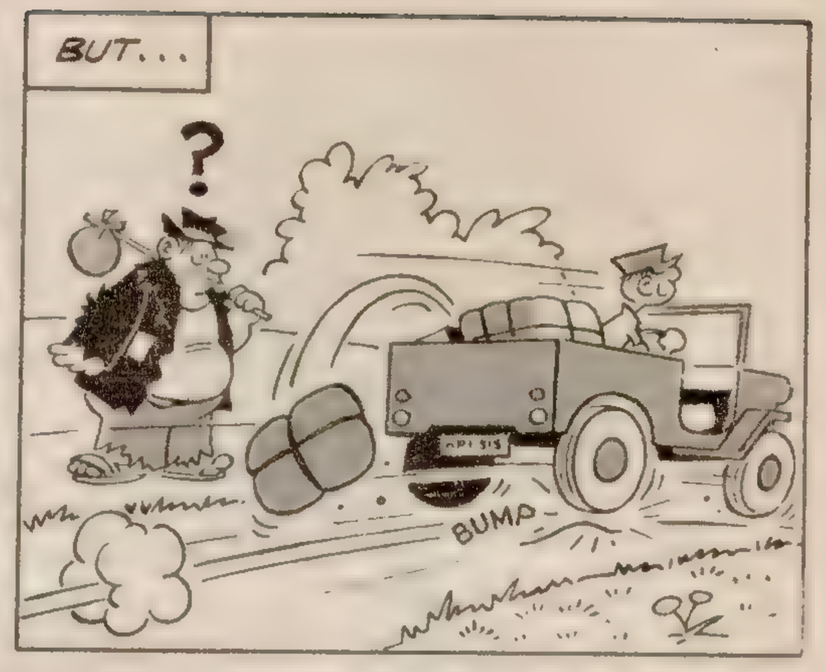
S. Stobart, Barnet, Herts.

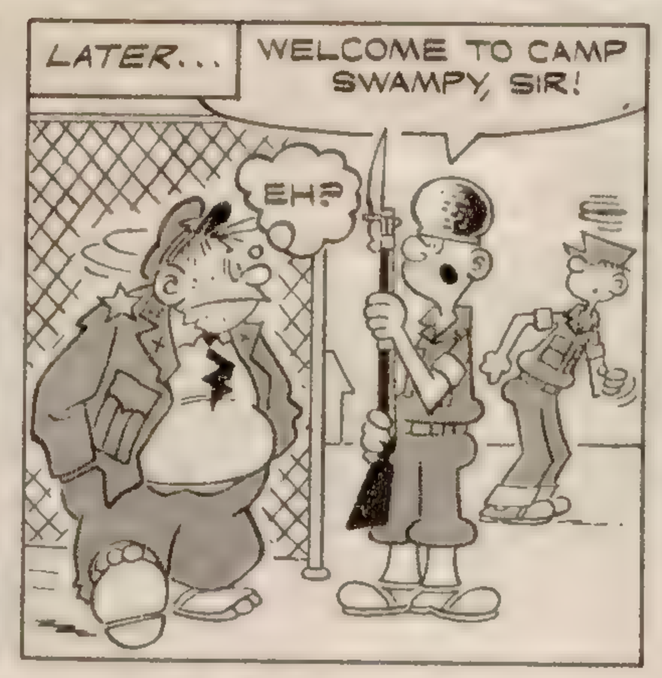
G. Botfield, West Bromwich, Staffs.

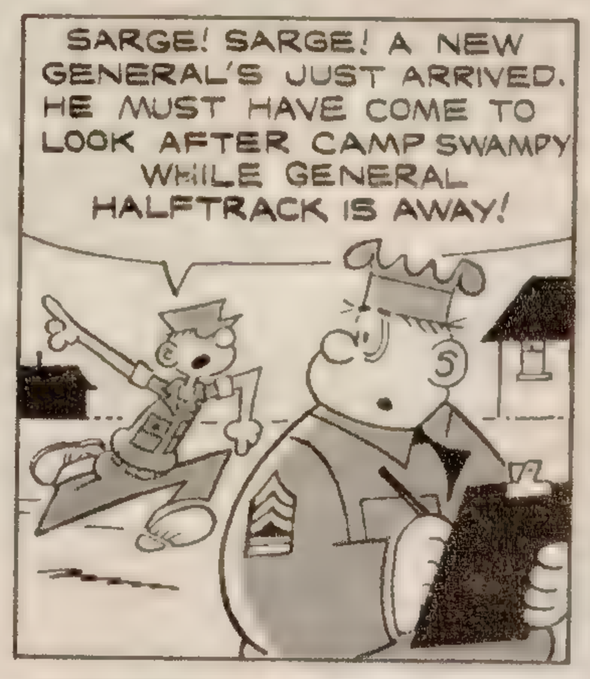
P. Bailey, Blackburn, Lancs.

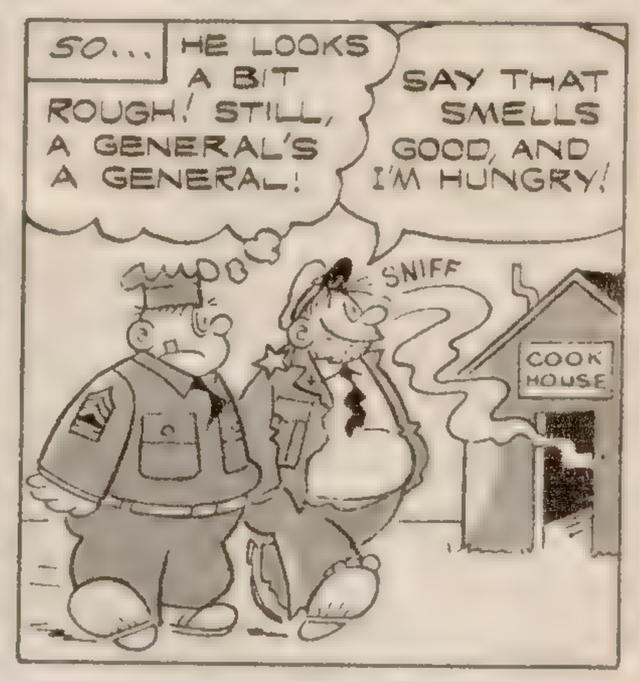
BEETLE BAILEY

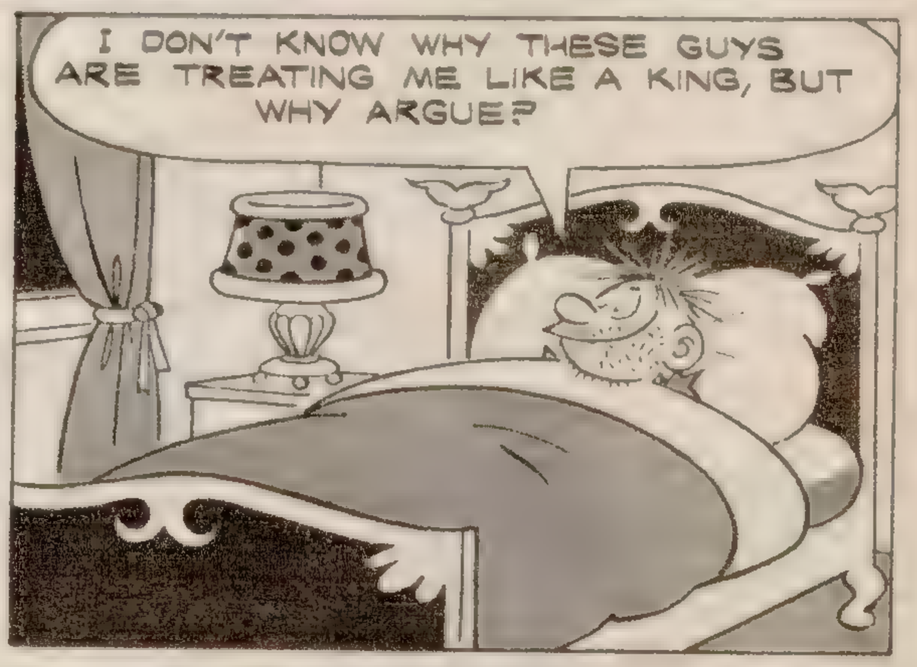


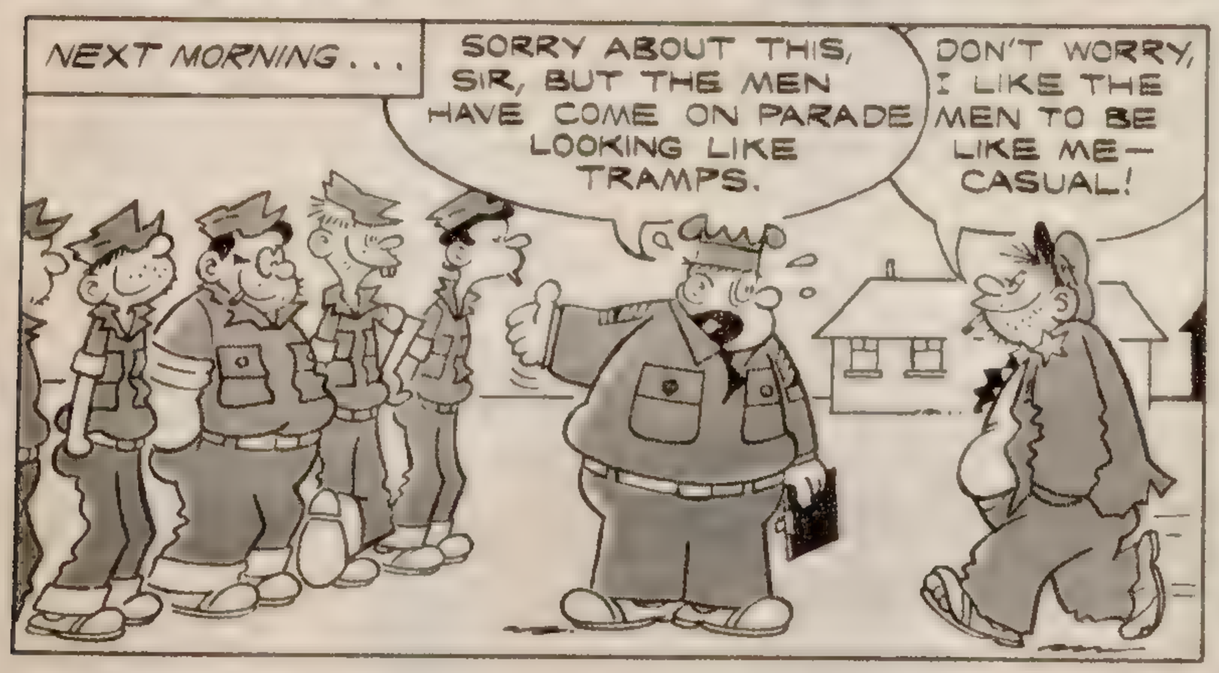


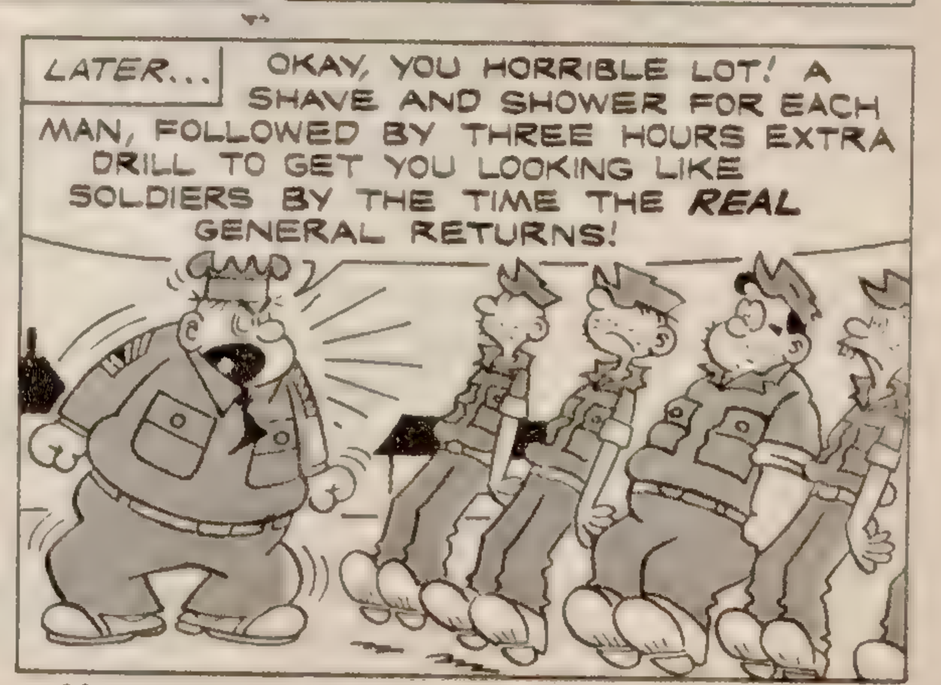









NEXT MORNING...
SORRY ABOUT THIS, SIR, BUT THE MEN HAVE COME ON PARADE LOOKING LIKE TRAMPS.
DON'T WORRY, I LIKE THE MEN TO BE LIKE ME— CASUAL!


LATER...
OKAY, YOU HORRIBLE LOT! A SHAVE AND SHOWER FOR EACH MAN, FOLLOWED BY THREE HOURS EXTRA DRILL TO GET YOU LOOKING LIKE SOLDIERS BY THE TIME THE REAL GENERAL RETURNS!

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Next week, Sarge makes the wrong move

A Letter from the Editor.

Dear Boys and Girls,

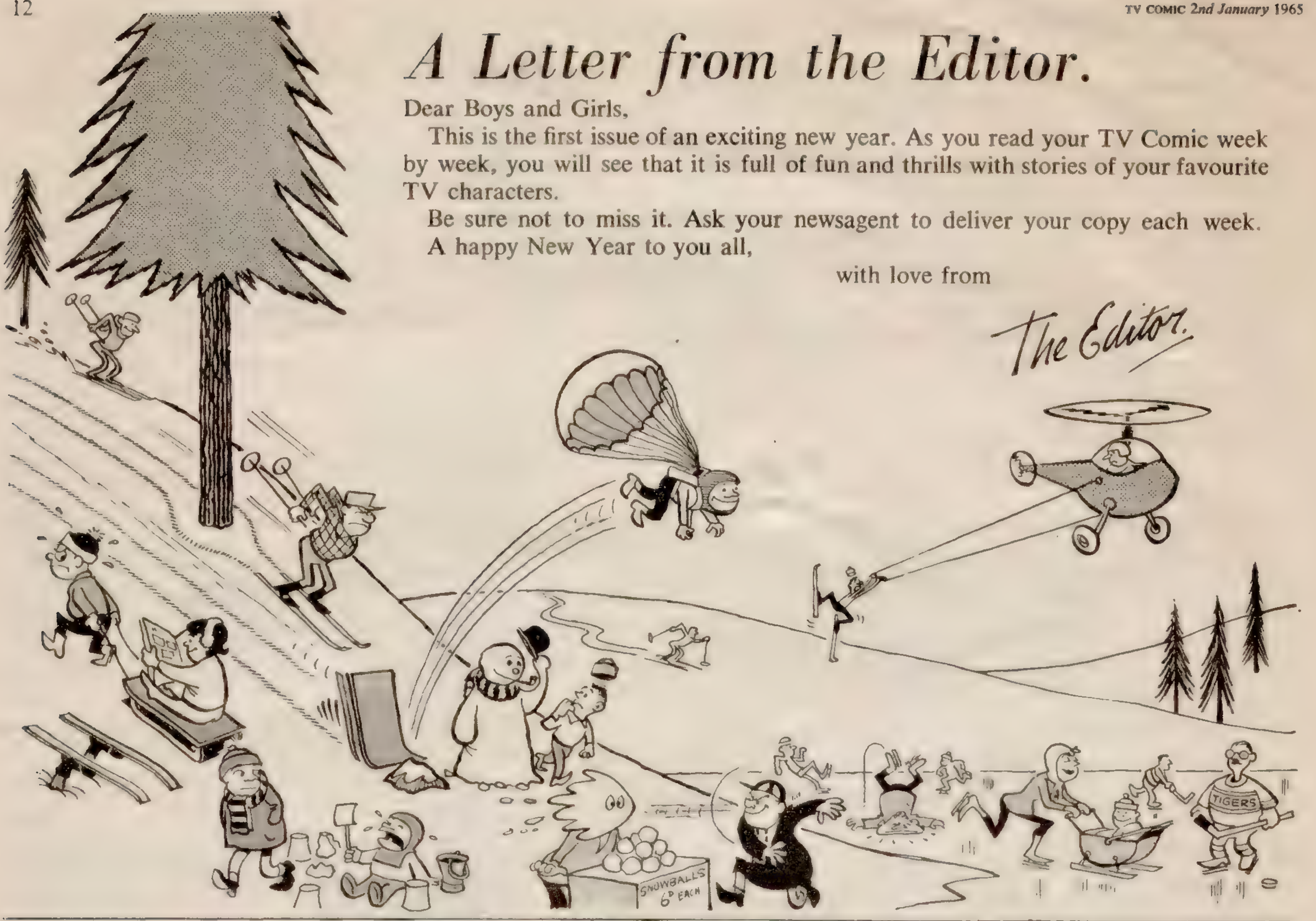
This is the first issue of an exciting new year. As you read your TV Comic week by week, you will see that it is full of fun and thrills with stories of your favourite TV characters.

Be sure not to miss it. Ask your newsagent to deliver your copy each week.

A happy New Year to you all,

with love from

The Editor.



Build this LEGO model FROM A REAL BLUEPRINT

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Watch out for other blueprints soon.

You can get your blueprint plan at your favourite toy shop for **only a penny.**

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LEGO

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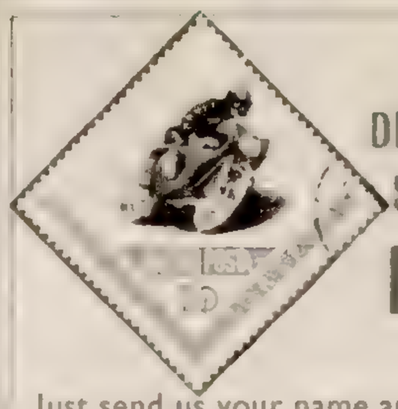

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Please enrol me as a member. I enclose 2/6d. postal order.

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DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

THE RESCUE

DR. NOLAN and the boys in the school-coach were shivering. The coach had broken down after running into a deep snowdrift. Outside, the drift had piled up until it was over the roof, and Dr. Nolan was wondering what had happened to the four boys who had gone in search of help.

"I shouldn't have allowed them to do so," he said unhappily.

Tom, Butch, Bodger and Boodle were quite all right, however. Tom, indeed, was even now coming to Dr. Nolan's assistance. But the good Doctor could not be expected to know that. He was distressed because in taking the last coach-load of boys to the station for Christmas he had got them into such difficulties.

"You c-c-couldn't help it, sir," said Tich Wallis, trying to comfort him although his teeth chattered. "We shall be okay, sir. Even if we have to stay here for Christmas we shall—Crumbs!" Tich broke off. "What's wrong with the lights?"

"The batteries are running down, that's what was wrong with them," the driver explained.

"Driver," said Dr. Nolan suddenly. "What is that noise?"

"I can't hear anything," said the driver.

"I can hear it, sir," cried Tich. "Something's scratching."

"Coo!" said the driver, "We're being attacked by wolves."

Dr. Nolan uttered a snort of annoyance.

"Driver, don't be ridiculous. There are no wolves in this country. The idea is absurd."

"Ho! Is that so?" growled the driver, whose name was Sam. "Then what's that object a'lookin' in the window?"

Dr. Nolan stared at the window Sam pointed to, and the headmaster received a shock. A furry, pointed nose with big ears seemed to be trying to get through the glass, while the animal scrabbled away at the snow with its paws.

Tom Ranger could have explained matters. Outside, in the whirling blizzard, Tom was encouraging the big Alsatian as it burrowed down into the snowdrift. It was one of Uncle Mac's dogs that had been tracking down the coach!

But Dr. Nolan did not know anything of this, nor of Uncle Mac, the owner of the old manor house. Certainly he did not know that Uncle Mac had put on his Father Christmas cloak and beard to keep himself warm.

So presently, when "Father Christmas" suddenly appeared beside the Alsatian and looked in the window, Dr. Nolan made sure he was dreaming.

"Groogh! It's the c-c-cold," he stuttered. "I'm s-s-seeing things."

"You an' me both, mate," gulped the driver. "Don't let 'em in—they've come to haunt us."

Uncle Mac began to get annoyed. He had brought some flasks of hot, currant drinks for Dr. Nolan and the boys, and he could not understand why the driver was holding the door shut against him.

"Drat the man!" he said, his beard waggling. "Hi! John! Jack! Give me a hand."

John and Jack were the two young men who were taking part in the Christmas play, one in red velvet and the other in green tights and a yellow jerkin. As they leaped down beside "Father Christmas", Dr. Nolan shut his eyes and the driver fainted.

"This is the end!" the headmaster said faintly to himself. "I'm seeing things out of picture books."

Fortunately, Tich Wallis was not so concerned with the strange attire of their rescuers as Dr. Nolan and the driver. Tich dragged Sam, the driver, out of the way with the help of some others and "Father Christmas" almost fell into the coach.

"Thank goodness somebody's got some sense," he snorted. "Here, boys, share this out among you, then we can get going."

"It's all right, Tich," yelled Tom Ranger, who had scrambled down as well. "It's only a hot drink to warm you up."

"Well, what else should they think it was?" snorted Uncle Mac.

Dr. Nolan still thought he was dreaming as he found himself being placed on the sledge. So did Sam, who had been revived with a strong drink, and now thought he was completely off his head.

"Me an' Father Christmas having a ride!" he gulped faintly. "An' I'm not even driving!"

With sleigh bells tinkling, Uncle Mac drove his visitors back to the house and returned for more. Three or four at a time, the boys were all transferred to the big supper-room, where Butch, Bodger and Boodle were seated by a roaring fire, eating chocolates.

"Coo, you rotters!" yelled Tich gleefully. "You got here first."

There was no more talk of dreams or nightmares after that. Dr. Nolan and Sam, after thawing themselves out, joined in the feast with the boys.

It was a merry party, a kindly party, and Dr. Nolan was soon overflowing with Christmas spirit. He decided that now was the time to make a speech.

"My dear Mr. MacGregor," he cried, "you have saved our lives—I am sure of it. How can I ever thank you? I——"

"Don't try," chuckled Uncle Mac. "Pleased to have you. You must stay and see our play."

"Oh, but really!" Dr. Nolan looked perturbed. "I'm afraid that is impossible. I must get these boys somehow to the station tonight, or their parents will be worried."

"We can have two Christmases instead of one," Tich blurted out. "When we've finished here, we can go home and have another."

"Quiet, hog," said Tom Ranger, grinning. "You must excuse our Tich, sir," he added to Uncle Mac. "He can't help saying what he thinks."

"Perfectly all right," said the jovial MacGregor. "No need to worry. The phone's still working, and we can soon set your people's minds at rest. We'll do that straight away. Then you can watch our play on my closed-circuit TV."

Cheers took the place of groans. With these arrangements Dr. Nolan had no fault to find, and when he found himself in front of a large screen, in colour, he almost felt he was back at TeleVarsity.

"Only we have no colour yet," he said sadly. "That is what we have been waiting for."

The boys did not mind that.

It was a good, exciting play, produced in the older wing of the manor house, which had been decorated to look like the interior of a castle, and when it was over there were more refreshments and plenty of fun.

"I wish we could stay here all the Christmas," sighed Tich.

"Well, you can wish again," Tom grinned. "Those two R.A.F. chaps have been phoning the air station for a helicopter for us."

At that moment the two young men entered, looking glum.

"No chopper tonight, Uncle," said John. "They're all out on serious rescue work."

"Now you'll have to stay then, boys," said Uncle Mac. "We've plenty of spare rooms in the old wing." Uncle Mac's words were drowned in a chorus of cheers from the boys.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING TELEVARSITY

THE TELEGOONS

IN

A HAPPY OLD YEAR!

YAH! YERK! GRITPYPE, WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO SELL THEM!
NOBODY BUT A FOOL WOULD BUY A 1964 CALENDAR FOR 1965!
1964

SO...
THIS IS WHERE GREENWICH MEAN TIME COMES FROM, MORIARTY. WE SHOULD FIND THE NEW YEAR HERE SOMEWHERE.
GREENWICH TIME WORKS

HALLO, LITTLE LAD. AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
WAITING ROOM
NEE-HEE! I'M 1965. I'M WAITING FOR THE SOUND OF BELLS, WHICH WILL MEAN THEY'RE RINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR AND RINGING IN THE NEW!
1965

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF NEDDIE SEAGOON, HEAD TIMEKEEPER...

THAT'S FUNNY! IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT. 1965 SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW.

ALARM CLUCK

I'D BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH 1964 TO SEE IF HE CAN STAY ON A BIT!

STAY ON? BUT MY TIME'S UP, MATE. I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS SORT OF THING.

1964

I'LL PAY YOU OVERTIME!

KEEP THE WHEELS OF TIME MOVING UNTIL 1965 TURNS UP, OLD FRIEND.

1964

NEXT DAY... HERE IS A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. THE YEAR 1965 HAS BEEN LOST. INSTEAD OF A NEW YEAR WE WILL HAVE 1964 PART TWO.

HEY, BASIL! I THOUGHT YOU MADE A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION TO HELP ME WITH THE WASHING UP?

SORRY, MUM, BUT IF THERE'S NO NEW YEAR, THERE'S NO NEW YEAR RESOLUTION!

MEANWHILE...

GET YOUR CALENDARS FOR 1964 HERE!

WE'RE DOING A ROARING TRADE, BUT ISN'T IT A BIT WARM FOR JANUARY?

PEOPLE ARE COMPLAINING THAT IT'S TOO WARM!

OF COURSE IT'S TOO WARM, MATE! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GIVING SNOW AND GALES, BUT AT MY AGE I CAN'T KEEP THIS 'ERE WHEEL MOVIN' FAST ENOUGH.

1964

WHERE CAN 1965 BE?

BUMP! BUMP!

BILL TIDYCOMBE.

AT LAST! I'VE FOUND HIM!

1965

YOU CAN GO OFF TO THE OLD YEARS' HOME NOW, DAD!

ABOUT TIME TOO!

NEE-HEE! I'VE BEEN LONGING TO GET AT THIS MACHINE! NOW I'LL REALLY SHOW 'EM!

1964

A HAPPY 1965! BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

Next week, frozen fun in the frozen north

The MILKY BAR KID

RECKON YOUR PA WILL HAVE TO DOUBLE YOUR POCKET MONEY THIS WEEK, SON! YOU'LL NOT BE able TO BUY MILKY BARS AND SEE THE SHOW!
milky bar
GOSH! A TRAVELLING CONJURER!

THE PLUCKY OLD MAN DEFIES THE BULLIES. BUT THIS ONLY MAKES THEM MORE SPITEFUL.
HAW! HAW! GUESS YORE MITT WASN'T FAST ENOUGH THAT TIME, OLD MAN!
HAW! HAW! THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO BE KINDA MORE RESPEC'FUL TO US, OLD 'UN!
WHY, YOU....!
EASY DOES IT, SON...THE MARSHAL WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM TWO VARMINTS!

THE MARSHAL'S MY PA, MR. ANDY, AND HE'S OVER IN CHAWNEE COUNTY RIGHT NOW! HE WON'T BE BACK FOR A WEEK I RECKON!
THAT'S BAD NEWS, SON!
WAL, I GUESS THAT'S IT! IF THERE AIN'T NO LAW AROUND I RECKON THERE'S ONLY ONE THING AN OLD TIMER LIKE ME CAN DO...KEEP MOVIN' ON UNTIL I FIND ME SOME!
COUSIN, WE CAN'T LET HIM LEAVE LIKE THIS! HIS PROPS ALL SMASHED, AND HIM THINKING WE'RE JUST AN IGNORANT CATTLE TOWN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, JANE! HEY, MISTER ANDY, HOLD YOUR HOSSES! WE CAN HELP YOU....!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week